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Miscellaneous.

[The following interesting letter is from the New York Home Journal, and will be read with relish by all our subscribers. The Journal is one of the best papers issued by the American press and is as its name purports, strictly for home consumption.]

THE NIGHT FUNERAL OF A SLAVE.

FEBRUARY, 1849.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS:—Travelling recently, on business, in the interior of Georgia, I reached just at sunset, the mansion of the proprietor, through whose estate for the last half hour of my journey, I had pursued my way. My tired companion pricked his ears, and with a low whiny indicated his pleasure as I turned up the broad avenue leading to the house. Calling to a black boy in view, I bade him enquire of his owner if I could be accommodated with lodgings for the night.

My request brought the proprietor himself to the door, and from thence to the gate, when, after a scrutinizing glance at my person and equipments, he enquired my name, business, and destination. I promptly responded to his questions, and he invited me to alight and enter the house, in the true spirit of Southern hospitality.

He was apparently thirty years of age, and evidently a man of education and refinement. I soon observed an air of gloomy abstraction about him; he said but little, and even that little seemed the result of an effort to obviate the seeming want of civility to a stranger. At supper the mistress of the mansion appeared, and did the honors of the table, in her particular department; she was exceedingly ladylike and beautiful, only as Southern women are, that is beyond comparison with those of any other portion of this republic I have ever seen. She retired immediately after supper, and a servant handing some splendid Habaneros on a small silver tray, we had just seated ourselves comfortably before the enormous fire of oak wood, when a servant appeared at the end door near my host, hat in hand, and uttered in subdued but distinct tones, the, to me, startling words—

"Master, de coffin hab come."

"Very well," was the only reply, and the servant disappeared.

My host remarked my gaze inquisitive wonder, and replied to it—

"I have been sad, said," he said, "to-day. I have had a greater misfortune than I have experienced since my father's death. I lost this morning the truest and most reliable friend I had in the world—one whom I have been accustomed to honor and respect since my earliest recollection; he was the playmate of my father's youth, and the mentor of mine; a faithful servant, an honest man, and a sincere Christian. I stood by his bedside to-day, and with his hands clasped in mine, I heard the last words he uttered; they were, 'Master, meet me in heaven.'"

His voice faltered a moment, and he continued, after a pause, with increased excitement—

"His loss is a melancholy one to me. If I left my home, I said to him, 'John see that all things are taken care of,' and I knew that my wife and child, property and all, were as safe as though they were guarded by an hundred soldiers. I never spoke a harsh word to him in all my life, for he never merited it. I have a hundred others, many of them faithful and true, but his loss is irreparable."

I come from a section of the Union where slavery does not exist, and I brought with me all the prejudices which so generally prevail in the Free States in regard to this "institution." I had already seen much to soften these but the observation of years would have failed to give me so clear an insight into the relation between master and servant as this simple incident. It was not the haughty planter, the lordly tyrant, talking of his dead slave, as of his dead horse, but the kind-hearted gentleman, lamenting the loss, and eulogizing the virtues of his good old friend.

After an interval of silence, my host resumed—

"There are," said he, "many of the old man's relatives and friends who would wish to attend his funeral. To afford them an opportunity, several plantations have been notified that he will be buried to-night; some, I presume have already arrived; and desiring to see that all things are properly prepared for his interment, I trust you will excuse my absence for a few moments."

"Most certainly, sir; but," I added, "if there is no impropriety, I would be pleased to accompany you."

"There is none," he replied; and I followed him to one of a long row of cabins, situated at the distance of some three hundred yards from the mansion. The house was crowded with negroes, who all arose on our entrance, and many of them exchanged greetings with my host, in tones that convinced me that they felt that he was an object of sympathy from them! The corpse was deposited in the coffin, attired in a shroud of the finest cotton materials, and the coffin itself painted black.

The master stopped at his head, and laying his hand upon the cold brow of his faithful bondsman, gazed long and intently upon features with which he had been so long familiar, and which he now looked upon for the last time on earth; raising his eyes at length and glancing at the serious countenances now bent upon him, he said solemnly and with much feeling—

"He was a faithful servant and a true Christian; if you follow his example, and live as he lived, none of you need fear, when the time comes for you to lay here."

A patriarch, with the snow of eighty winters on his head, answered—

"Master, it is true, and we will try to live like him."

There was a murmur of general assent, and after giving some instructions relative to the burial, we returned to the dwelling.

About nine o'clock a servant appeared with the notice that they were ready to move, and to know if further instructions were necessary. My host remarked to me, that by stepping into the piazza, I would probably witness, to me a novel scene. The procession had moved, and its route led within a few yards of the mansion. There were at least one hundred and fifty negroes, arranged four deep, and following a wagon in which was placed the coffin; down the entire length of the line, at intervals of a few feet, on each side, were carried torches of the resinous pine, and here called light wood. About the centre was stationed the black preacher, a man of gigantic frame and stentorian lungs, who gave out from memory the words of a hymn suitable to the occasion.—The Southern negroes are proverbial for the melody and compass of their voices, and I thought that hymn, mellowed by distance, the most solemn and yet the sweetest music that had ever fallen upon my ear. The stillness of the night and strength of their voices enabled me to distinguish the air at the distance of half a mile.

It was to me a strange and solemn scene, and no incident of my life has impressed me with more powerful emotions than the night funeral of the poor negro. For this reason I have hastily and most imperfectly sketched its leading features. Previous to retiring to my room, I saw, in the hands of a daughter of the lady at whose house I stop for the night; a number of THE HOME JOURNAL, and it occurred to me to send this to your paper, perfectly independent whether it be published or not. I am but a brief sojourner here. I hail from a colder clime, where it is our proud boast that all men are free and equal. I shall return to my Northern home, deeply impressed with the belief, that, dispensing with name of freedom, the negroes of the South are the happiest and most contented people on the face of the earth.

Yours, VIATOR.

SHOCKO JONES

IN A NEW CHARACTER—AS AN ADVOCATE.

A correspondent of the Nashville Whig tells the following good one of the notorious—or celebrated, if the reader will—Shocko Jones, which the types have now for the first time made public.

Our hero, after as magnificently doing S. S. Prentiss and the Mississippi banks in 1837, retired to the shades of a comparatively private life, settling in Columbus, the field of his former glory, where his society was the delight of all true lovers of fun and frolic, those only excepted who had been the victims of his first grand plot. Here he engaged in no ostensible occupation, save now and then attending to small matters of business for his most particular friends. He often relieved the monotony of his quiet why of existence, by rehearsing the past adventures of himself and 'Prent, or by playing off some new ruse, which the irresistible old dog in whom he would be at, with a seriousness that deceived even those who best knew him.

One day—it was the first of April, when Mississippi blood begins to course more rapidly after the damp fogs of winter—two of the chivalric spirits of Columbus engaged in mortal combat in one of the principal streets, but fortunately did no great damage to themselves, though pistols and bowie-knives were freely used. The affair was too public, however, to escape the notice of the authorities, and Mr. D—, the aggressor, was immediately brought before the committing magistrates on the charge of assault and battery with intent to kill; and Mr. B—, the party attacked, was summoned to attend as a witness. A good deal of excitement was manifested, since both parties were gentlemen of respectability, and the Court room was soon filled with persons eager to see the issue of the trial.

The prosecution exhibited a quiet firmness and self-satisfied air that clearly indicated their confidence of success. Poor D— felt the case was a bad one, and the probable prospect of two or three years' incarceration in the State prison rendered his thoughts anything but enviable. Seized also ere he had time to consult a lawyer, he appeared without the aid of a counsel. But casting his eyes over the crowd, and seeing Shocko Jones, whose tact was known to him, whose face assuredly, in its graver phase, might pass for a Solomon's, and who had just commenced the study of law, but procured licence, D— concluded that, in the emergency, he could not intrust his cause in better hands.

The witnesses were unanimous. They testified that, on account of a difficulty which occurred between the belligerents, D— had armed himself and deliberately discharged a pistol at him, evidently with intent to kill. The prosecution finished the examination of their witnesses without interruption or contradiction from the prisoner's side, and the magistrates now only waited what could be shown in his defence.

Shocko beheld every ground of hope washed from under his client like sand, but most a genius when most pinched, he determined to make a bold stroke to save him.

The principal witness, who was an old man of much simplicity as well as honesty of character, was called to the stand. Every eye fixed on Jones as he soberly addressed him.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. D—, the defendant?"

"Yes, I know him well."

"He is a brave man, is he not?"

"Yes, remarkably cool and brave."

"Is he not a good shot?"

"I believe he is a rather noted as a marksman."

"How far did you say Mr. D— was from Mr. B— when the pistol was fired?"

"Quite near; not more than six or eight paces."

"You say that D— is a cool man, and a good shot. Do you see any reason why he did not hit B— at that distance?"

"No. I was surprised that B— was not killed."

"Perhaps I can tell you," insinuated Shocko, who up to this time had asked his questions with the greatest sobriety, but whose expressive countenance now assumed a smiling, knowing look, as he proceeded. "Do you know, old gentleman, that this is the first day of April? Does't THAT explain the whole matter?" he added, half closing his eyes after the manner of the scamp who winked himself into the authorship of a book of epigrams—stroking his chin and pulling out and twisting his 'goat' into a

comical peak, all with the most inimitable coolness.

The hint took. The witness, giggling, did remember that it was All-fools day—the prosecution began to feel foolish—the magistrates looked like they were on thorns and taking medicine—a spontaneous burst of applause and laughter arose from the audience, and the sheriff, one hand to his side and the other crumpling his handkerchief into his mouth, found it impossible to stop the 'noise and confusion' that ensued. The truth (as they all thought) had suddenly flashed upon them, that that whole affair, pistols and so forth, was a TRICK, planned by Shocko, and the court, highly indignant that their worship should be thus humbugged, immediately left in disgust!

Thus may some good occasionally be produced by the reputation of being a 'bad fellow!' Shocko had often manufactured a joke out of nothing, but never before converted a serious fight into a mere April fool trick. And as a fee for his skill, he demanded of his delighted client punch and cobblers for the company.

Yours truly, HA-HA-HA!

DESCRIPTION OF THE VALE OF DELPHI.—A more glorious sight can hardly be conceived, or one better adapted to warm the imagination, and inspire feelings of religious enthusiasm, than the magnificent group of objects which this theatre of rocks formerly enclosed, when lighted up by the beams of the morning sun; terraces, porticoes, colonnades, and statues rising in gorgeous masses one above the other, and backed by a stupendous wall of precipices.—The lively manner in which Euripides, in the opening scene of the Ion, through the soliloquy of the young Neocorus expanding the gates and setting in order the courts of the temple, realizes to the fancy this grand combination of the wonders of nature and art, is one of the happiest efforts either of his dramatic or descriptive muse.

The twin cliffs, so celebrated among the ancients as the most remarkable feature of the scenery of the Delphic vale, are, amid the confusion of names so common with poets in their descriptions of sciences distinguished for sanctity or celebrity, frequently alluded to as the summits of Parnassus; although in fact comparatively small peaks at the base of that stupendous mountain.—The proper title of that at the east was Nauplia, of the other Hyampolia. It is probable that to these two rocks the place is originally indebted for its name, if not for the establishment of the sanctuary within its bouds. Delphi is the root of the familiar Greek word adelphos, "brother;" and hence was a very appropriate title for the twin peaks, consecrated probably in the remote age at which the dedication first took place, conjointly, like the twin islands of the Egean, Delos and Rhene, to the twin deities, Apollo and Diana. The plural formation of the name seems also to favor this view. Similar, probably, is the origin of the name Didymi, literally "the Twins," which belonged to the most celebrated oracular shrine of the deity at Asiatic Greece, and to another in Argolis.

At the lower extremity of the dry torrent bed, just where it emerges from between the cliffs, issues the waters of the Castalian spring, oozing at first in scarce perceptible streamlets from among the loose stones, but swelling into a considerable brook within not many yards of their first appearance above ground. I sipped a mouthful of water at the fountain-head. It is certainly most delicious to the taste; but I was not more sensible of its beneficial influence on my imaginative faculties than so many other travellers who have complained of its inefficacy.—[Journal of a Tour in Greece.]

MARRYING A COACHMAN EVIDENCE OF INSANITY.—The New York Sun says:

"Miss Cruise, who was sent to the insane asylum for marrying her father's gardener, is still there. The keepers, with the exception of Dr. Earle, consider her perfectly sane, yet no examination is made, and the poor girl is kept within the bars and bolts of a mad house. She still declares that she will marry Patterson again when she gets out—if she ever should. He has several times attempted to see her, but was repulsed, and threatened that he would be shot if he did not keep away. He is an intelligent, well educated young man whose family is now reduced, but was once far more wealthy than the Crusings."

THE NEW STATES.

Vermont—originally was a part of New-York, and was admitted into the Union March 4, 1781.

Kentucky—formerly a part of Virginia, admitted into the Union June 1, 1792.

Tennessee—formed of Territory ceded to the United States by the State of North Carolina; admitted into the Union June 1, 1796.

Ohio—formed out of part of the territory N. west river Ohio; admitted into the Union Nov. 23, 1802.

Louisiana—formed out of part of the territory ceded to the United States by France, received into the Union April 8, 1812.

Indiana—formed a part of the N. W. Territory, ceded to the United States by Virginia; admitted into the Union Dec. 11, 1816.

Mississippi—formed out of part of the territory ceded to the United States by the State of South Carolina; admitted into the Union Dec. 10, 1817.

Illinois—formed a part of the N. W. Territory; admitted into the Union, Dec. 8, 1818.

Alabama—formed out of part of the territory ceded to the United States by South Carolina and Georgia; admitted into the Union Dec. 14, 1819.

Maine—formed out of part of Massachusetts; admitted into the Union March 15, 1820.

Missouri—formed out of part of the territory ceded by France by the treaty of April 30, 1803; admitted into the Union August 10, 1821.

Michigan—formed of part of the territory ceded to the United States by Virginia; admitted into the Union January 26, 1837.

Florida—formed out of the territory ceded by Spain to the United States, by the treaty of February 22, 1810; admitted into the Union March 4, 1845.

Texas—an independent republic; admitted into the United States by a joint resolution of Congress, approved March 29, 1845.

Iowa—Admitted into the Union December 28, 1846.

Arkansas—formed part of the same territory admitted June 15, 1836.

Wisconsin—An Act was passed on the 3d of March, 1847, to admit the territory into the Union, upon condition that the people adopt the Constitution passed December 16, 1846. The Constitution was rejected.

Minnesota—Bill to establish a territorial government passed the House February 17, 1847; referred to a Judiciary Committee in the Senate. No further action on the subject.

Nebraska.—Bill reported to fix boundaries January 6, 1845, but no action on the subject.

PROFANITY.—If there be anything in man which exhibits an entire want of self-respect, says the Christian Philosopher, it is profaneness. It is certainly no mark of a gentleman to swear profanely; for the worthless and vile, the very dregs of society do this; and not unfrequently they swear even better than the well-dressed, educated gentleman. The basest and meanest of mankind often swear with as good a grace as the more refined.

Profaneness has done no man any good at any time. No man is the richer, or wiser, or happier for it. No man has ever made himself any friends by it. No man is more honored or respected in any company, because he can curse and swear. It adds nothing to a man's education or manners. It commands no one to any good society.

The profane man is, or ought to be, shut out from the society of virtuous females, for his profaneness is disgusting to the refined, and abominable to the good. Profaneness is degrading to the mind. It is unprofitable needless, injurious in society, and awful in the sight of God. "For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

The man who is profane is wontonly wicked. In a young man, the habit is despicable; and the man who can swear profanely, can have but little self-respect. It exhibits a recklessness of character and a disregard for reputation; and the practice can be tolerated only amidst the fumes of tobacco and intoxication; and even there it is loathsome. And no man, we think, can admit the conviction to his own mind, that he is a profane man, and not feel that by that single fact he is degraded; and when he reflects on it he will always feel that it is despicable; and if he has

not lost a large share of self-respect, he will abandon it. For a man that habitually reveres the name of God, and respects his authority, there is hope.

James I. King of England, was very profane. His son Henry, an amiable prince, swore not at all. In the Pictorial History of England, it is related of Henry, that he had boxes kept at his three houses at St. James, Richmond, and Nonesuch to receive the fines for profane swearing, which he ordered to be strictly levied among his attendants for every instance of profaneness.

On one occasion, when the Prince was hunting a stag, it happened the stag was spent; and was killed by a butcher's dog. When the company came up, they fell at odds with the butcher. The Prince insisted that the butcher was not to blame. They replied, "If his father had been served so, he would have sworn so as no man could have endured it."

"Away," replied the Prince, "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."

The prince had a nice sense of self-respect, and it secured for him the respect of all.

ADVANTAGE OF SHABBY DRESS.

A French paper gives an incident that lately happened to a celebrated artist, who is extremely neglectful of his toilette. Leaving his study one day, and walking along the street rather absent, he heard a call from a female voice behind him.

"Here my man," said a lady beckoning to him, "can you carry a bundle a little way for me?"

The artist looked at the lady for a moment, saw that she was very handsome, and instead of explaining, as he was about to do, that he was a gentleman, he said, "Willingly, madam!" and followed her into a shop.

The bundle was large and heavy, but he lifted it with much effort upon his shoulder, and followed after the lady, who, slightly raising her petticoats, went fast on before him, showing an exquisitely turned pair of feet and ankles. She mounted at last to the second story of a house, with the tired porter close at her heels, and began to fumble in her pocket to find the money to pay him. As she did so the artist looked well at her face, and found it to be one of the most peculiar in its style of beauty, as well as one of the finest he had ever seen.

"Pardon me," he said as she offered him the money, "I am not a porter—I am an artist, and, instead of money, will ask a favor of you—to allow me to make a copy of your face. The package was heavy, and the compliment you paid to my dress was not very gratifying, but I shall be well paid if I can send a copy of your beauty to the next exhibition of the academy."

And so a great artist came by the original of one of the most exquisite pictures which his pencil has put upon canvass.

SOUNDS.—The difficulty of transmitting sounds to a great distance arises from the sound spreading and losing itself in the surrounding air; so that if we could confine it on one side, as along a wall—on two sides, as in a narrow street—or on all sides, as in a tube or pipe—we should be able to convey it to great distances. In the east-iron water-pipe of Paris, which formed a continuous tube with only two bendings near its middle, the lowest whisper at one end was distinctly heard at the other, through a distance of 3,120 feet.—A pistol fired at one end actually blew out a candle at the other end, and drove out light substances with great violence. Hence we see the operation of speaking tubes which pass from one part of a building to another, and of the new kind of bell which is formed of a wooden or tin tube, with a small piston at each end. By pushing in one piston, the air in the tube conveys the effect to the piston at the other end, which strikes against the bell—this piston being, as it were, the clapper on the outside of the bell.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Lady Franklin, as we learn from the London Times, is at present engaged in a pious pilgrimage to the ports whence the whale ships are likely to proceed to Davis' Straits, with a view to plead her anxieties and distresses, and to animate the daring and generous commanders of these ships in her cause—that of searching for her husband. Lady Franklin has already visited Hull, and has been received with much enthusiasm.